

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

No. 740.

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

## FUNERAL IN THE SNOW OF COURRIERES MINERS.



There are pathetic scenes daily in the streets of Lens and the villages surrounding the Courrières Colliery, where the great disaster has brought mourning into

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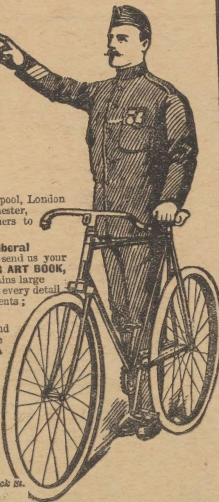
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CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS, & CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

**W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, F.S.Sc. (Lond.)**, Little Ilford, Essex  
in his certificate of analysis, among other things, says: "I have pleasure in certifying that, in my opinion, Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

## BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

**Mrs. MARTIN HILL**, The Hem, Shifnal, Salop, writes:—"I have had what the doctor called bronchial asthma, and he said I should never be cured, but thanks be to God and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, I am better now than I have been for six years; and since I have been have recommended your Cough Cure. I am sure it will be a great blessing to sufferers. I tried everything that people told me of, but nothing did me a bit of good. During the winters I had to sit three months in a chair at a time because of the shortness of breath and choking sensation, but all that has gone now, and I am looking very well."

**Rev. W. DACRE**, 9 College Villas Road, South Hampstead, London, writes, June 17th:—"I have a high opinion of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I have used it with much benefit to myself."

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

**Mrs. GRESSY**, 47 Serpentine Street, Market Rasen, Lincs., writes:—"My little boy suffered from whooping cough for nine months. I tried no end of Cough Mixtures, but they did him no good. He could neither eat nor sleep and was very thin. I noticed an improvement in him after the first bottle of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and now, sir, your medicine has cured him; and I am thankful to tell you."

**Mrs. ADA G. BALLIN**, 8 Agar Street, London, Editor of *Womanhood*, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy; it is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The preparation is perfectly safe for children."

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Yours truly,

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Feb. 16, 1903.

Dear Sir,—In enclosing you cheque in settlement of account, I desire to express my appreciation of the courtesy you have displayed throughout the transaction.

Yours truly,

G. MICHAEL, Esq.

These are only two out of thousands, the originals of which can be seen at our Office.  
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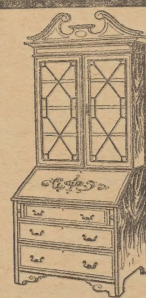
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## DOES THE ARMY COST TOO MUCH?

Motion To Reduce the Forces  
by 10,000 Men.

### MR. BALFOUR'S VIEW.

War Secretary Asks the House Not  
To Tie His Hands.

Should the strength of the British Army be reduced on the score of economy?

That was the vital question before the House of Commons last night. The debate was introduced by Major Seely, who moved to reduce the Vote by 10,000 men. He gave as one of his reasons that the Government had been returned pledged to economy.

Mr. Balfour would have none of it. The ex-Premier was very much in earnest on the point. He indulged in none of the "airy graces" to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman took exception a few nights ago, but urged weighty arguments that impressed all parties. His main concern was for the safety of India.

"The dominant factor in considering the needs of the country," said Mr. Balfour, "is not home defence, but India, because there alone we have a great dependency with a land frontier."

#### WARNING FROM PAST WARS.

That being so he asked whether the House was seriously going to decide whether there was to be a diminution of our forces before they had a clear idea of what a great war for the defence of India might mean.

"The problem is to expand the Army so as to be able to meet European troops in the field when that is required."

Did the Government think, asked Mr. Balfour, that they had the machinery now for creating the larger Army which would certainly be required if hostilities were to go on as in the great wars of the eighteenth century?

"You cannot improvise officers, artillery, and artillerymen, or a staff; and if you are really to have an expandable Army, which is the only system on which you can safely reduce the force by a single man, it carries with it the obligation to provide and train and pay for those units in time of peace."

#### NOT A PARTY QUESTION.

Mr. Haldane made an interesting reply. His main points were:—

He was anxious to get the question out of the rut of party.

The late elections revealed the desire of the public to spend less on the Army and Navy.

If we examined things closely we might find possibilities of economy hitherto overlooked.

He asked the committee not to tie his hands, but leave him free.

Policy must determine strategy and the size of the Army.

He had already reduced the increase of 50,000 men in the strength of the Army since the war by 5,000.

The best and most rapid course was to take time in this matter.

The public must not be alarmed by sensational promises of reduction.

He wanted a settled military policy for the two great parties.

#### A "ROSEBERRY" IN THE FIELD.

The most interesting subsequent speaker was Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's son and heir. The faultlessly-groomed young nobleman, in rising to make his parliamentary debut from a back Ministerial bench, was sympathetically cheered.

He criticised the amendment, speaking in clear, resonant voice, an almost perfect echo of his father's, and made happy metaphor.

"To move an amendment like this," he said, "is like putting a stick into very intricate machinery when it is in motion."

The amendment was rejected by 296 to 56, and the vote was agreed to.

The House adjourned at 12.15.

### MR. BALFOUR EXTINGUISHED.

An amusing incident occurred during the progress of the division, when Mr. Balfour sought to raise a point of order.

In accordance with the rules of the House he spoke with covered head, and borrowed for the purpose the silk hat of Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher. The borrowed headgear proved to be many sizes too large, and the ex-Premier convulsed the House by speaking in hollow tones from beneath an "extinguisher," the rim of which appeared to rest upon his shoulder blades.

Mr. Balfour, once rid of the encumbrance, blushing joined in the universal merriment.

## GLOOMY OUTLOOK AT ALGERIAS.

Rupture Feared if the Kaiser Con-  
tinues Obdurate.

### FRENCH PESSIMISM.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—I gather from inquiries I have made in reliable political circles here that France takes the gloomiest view as to the possible outcome of the Algerias Conference.

The "Temps" made an important statement this morning—a statement important because the "Temps" is generally supposed to enjoy, to an unusual extent, the confidence of the French Foreign Office.

According to this journal M. Rouvier, the retiring Premier, sent instructions to the French Envoy at Algerias that instead of adhering to the five out of the fifteen shares in the State bank originally demanded by France—one share for France and four for the French syndicate that had lent Morocco £2,500,000—he should make a concession and only ask for four.

#### PROPOSAL BY SWITZERLAND.

He was further instructed to "hold out at all costs" against the inspector of the French and Spanish port police having himself the command of the port of Casa Blanca; this is the Austrian plan.

It is generally agreed that if M. Revoll carries out these instructions a rupture is inevitable. It is possible that a *via media* may be found in the Swiss proposal that the inspector should not have the command of Casa Blanca, and should act merely as the representative of the Sultan of Morocco.

The papers here to-night publish a telegram which has been forwarded by the Algerias correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," who declares that the majority of the Powers favour the Austrian proposal, and that Germany has reached with that proposal the bedrock of concession.

The "Matin" observes that there can be no doubt that the ultimate fate of the Conference depends entirely upon the Kaiser himself, and in the circumstances it seems quite impossible that the Emperor would wish to take upon himself the responsibility of deliberately provoking a rupture.

### PLAYWRITER SHOTS HERSELF.

Mme. Regine Martial Disappointed with Reception of  
"Sacha" by Paris Public.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Mme. Régine Martial, the authoress of the play now running at the Gymnase Theatre, yesterday shot herself with a revolver.

Fortunately her hand shook, and the bullet lodged in the forearm, near the shoulder, whence it was successfully extracted.

Mme. Martial has, since the early rehearsals of her play, "Sacha," been in a state of great excitement, and its fortunes since the first night have preyed on her mind, its reception having somewhat disappointed her.

It will be remembered that in "Sacha" the dénouement of the plot is attained by means of a revolver shot.

### PRO-MILNER LIBERALS.

Government Resolution Condemning Mr. Churchill's  
Attack on the ex-High Commissioner.

The resolution censuring Lord Milner, which is to be moved in the House of Commons on Wednesday by Mr. W. P. Byles, will encounter direct opposition from the Liberal side of the House.

Capt. Kincaid-Smith, the Liberal member for the Stratford-on-Avon Division, will move, and the Hon. E. Fiennes, another Ministerialist, will second, the following amendment:—

In the opinion of this House an attack on the policy and conduct of Lord Milner in South Africa is ill-advised at the present juncture, and is calculated to revive and accentuate racial animosity.

#### OPERATION UNDER FIRE.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A fire broke out in the Trull Hospital, Biddeford, Maine, and destroyed part of the buildings.

The surgeons were engaged in an operation upon a woman when the fire began, and they continued their work while the firemen held umbrellas over the operating-table to keep off the water that leaked from the ceiling.

Before the fire was put out the operation was completed and the patient removed.—Laffan.

## BRITISH VICTORY.

Over 300 Nigerian Rebels Killed in a  
Desperate African Battle.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ZUNGERU (Northern Nigeria), Monday.—Captain R. H. Goodwin, of the Royal Artillery, in command of the expedition against the Sokoto rebels, to-day attacked the enemy.

The natives twice charged the British square and were almost annihilated.

Our force then advanced on Satiru, which was found to be strongly held. The town was bombarded and taken at the point of the bayonet.

Great slaughter was done among the enemy, who fought desperately, standing up to the charges of our men. The natives were finally driven from the town, and pursued by mounted infantry.

Over 300 of the enemy were killed, including their leader.

The revolt is entirely crushed, and the loyal chiefs are co-operating in the pursuit of the defeated rebels.

Captain A. E. Gallagher was severely wounded in the shoulder, but is not in serious danger.

### MAD WITH GRIEF.

Miners' Angry Demonstrations at the Scene of the  
French Pit Disaster.

Half demented with grief and indignation at the appalling catastrophe that has desolated the mining village of Courrières, the miners in neighbouring places have struck work and taken to violent demonstration against the authorities.

In the bitterness of their hearts large bodies of men, says a Reuter message, quoting from the "Journé des Débats," paraded the streets at Fougères, shouting "Down with the murderers!"

At Ostricourt shouts were raised of "Vive la Grève!" "Vive la révolution!"

Many of the workmen do not approve of the strike, saying things are very bad, and all the heart is knocked out of men who have to go to battle over coffins.

### THE KING'S MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

Queen Alexandra May Join His Majesty at  
Marseilles Early Next Month.

Queen Alexandra may join the King in his forthcoming cruise in the Mediterranean.

Her Majesty will probably come to London at the end of the current month and join his Majesty at Marseilles early in April.

The royal yacht is being prepared, and will probably leave for Marseilles in a week.

### POISON IN BABY'S FOOD.

Servant Girl Charged with Attempting To Poison  
Her Mistress's Child.

At Swansea yesterday Florence Davis, sixteen, was charged with attempting to administer salts of lemon to the nine-month-old baby of her mistress, Mrs. Nellie Durk, on February 27.

Mrs. Durk said cross words passed between her and the servant about some underclothing, and the prisoner grew sulky and slammed the doors. Next day witness happened to taste her baby's food, and found it very bitter.

When she and her husband spoke to prisoner she became frightened, and subsequently admitted to the police that she had mixed the salts herself. She was committed to the assizes, to be held to-morrow.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Lord Hampton's condition became much worse yesterday, and at night the gravest fears were entertained.

The Hon. A. G. Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, died suddenly yesterday at Halifax from heart failure.

The Japanese Admiralty announces the invention of a wireless telephone by an engineer named Kimura.—Laffan.

The well-known chess player H. N. Pillsbury, who won the world's championship at Hastings in 1895, is dying in a Philadelphia hospital from apoplexy and paralysis.—Laffan.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, travelling to Lake Victoria, have passed Makindu, on the Uganda Railway, after a pleasant trip through the green country.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally south-westerly to north-westerly winds; changeable; rain at times, with short bright intervals; becoming colder.

Lighting-up time, 7.3 p.m.

Sea passages will be rough generally.

## ROMANCE OF A SCHOOLBOY.

Mother Accused of Kidnapping Her  
Own Child.

### DRESSED AS A GIRL.

Remarkable Sequel to a Dublin Lawyer's  
Divorce Suit.

A romance, which led up to a remarkable charge of abduction, was revealed in the Dublin Police Court yesterday, when Mrs. Edith Chandler, of Merrion-avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, was charged with the abduction of a ten-year-old boy named Vivian Gamble, whose father is a well-known Dublin solicitor.

It is alleged that she kidnapped this boy from school at Rathfarnham, near Dublin.

On Tuesday, it is said, Mrs. Chandler called at the school with a card of the father, and got the child, who was driven away.

The police on Wednesday arrested Mrs. Chandler at Blackrock, and yesterday, when she was brought up for magisterial examination in Dublin, the officer in charge of the case announced that the mother of the boy had been arrested, and that the boy had been found. He accordingly asked that the case should stand over till later in the day, when the mother would be charged.

#### MOTHER ARRESTED.

Shortly after the adjournment Mrs. Gamble, who had been arrested at Drogheda the previous night, arrived in a cab accompanied by two police officers.

Constable Lawler, stationed at Drogheda, acting on instructions from Dublin, went on board the steamship Iverna in Drogheda Harbour on Wednesday evening and saw a lady who, it is alleged, gave her name as Gertrude Green. She was accompanied by a child dressed as a girl, and it is further stated, she said that the child's name was Nellie Green.

The constable had his suspicions, and before the boat, which was about to sail for Liverpool, had cast off her moorings, Mrs. Green and Nellie Green, who, it is alleged, were in reality Mrs. Gamble and Vivian Gamble, were detained.

Shortly after half-past two Mrs. Chandler, a well-dressed middle-aged lady in a drab cloak, together with Mrs. Gamble, who wore a dark costume and a black hat with a white feather, were brought into court.

Great interest was taken in the proceedings.

#### UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

Mr. Tobias, who conducted the case for the prosecution, said that Ida G. King, otherwise Guy (Mrs. Gamble), whose address was at present unknown, and Edith Chandler were charged with having conspired to abduct Vivian Gamble, with intent to deprive his father and the Rev. W. Hill of possession of him.

Mr. Charles Gamble, a solicitor, was married to Mrs. King; their marriage relations were unhappy, and the union was wholly dissolved last year. The divorce act said nothing about the children.

Mr. Gamble placed the boy with the Rev. Mr. Hill at Woodtown Park, Rathfarnham, at school. On Tuesday last Mrs. Chandler engaged a cabman at Terenure and sent him to Mr. Hill's establishment, giving him a card, on which it was stated that Major Gamble was ill and wanted to see the boy at once.

The cabman delivered the card, and Mrs. Hill, in good faith, gave the boy in his charge, first wrapping him up in a rug.

That rug, said counsel, was afterwards found in the possession of Mrs. Guy when she was arrested at Drogheda. On Wednesday night the cabman drove the boy to Terenure, where he was met by the lady who had engaged him. She entered the cab, and was driven with the boy to Harcourt-street Station.

#### ADMITTED TO BAIL.

She there dismissed the cabman, walked a few yards, and took another cab, in which she drove to Amiens-street Station. She took a ticket and a half ticket for Drogheda.

The mother took the boy, dressed in girl's clothes, on board a vessel. She stated to an official that she believed that she had a right to take the child, as he was not a ward of court.

Mr. Charles Gamble, father of the boy, said that the lady who gave her name as Mrs. Guy, was his wife. He identified the boy as his youngest son, Vivian, born in 1896. The boy had been placed by him with the Rev. Mr. Hill at school at Woodtown Park.

A cabdriver of Terenure identified the lady whom he drove to Woodtown as Mrs. Chandler.

Constable Lawler, B.C., said that he found Mrs. Guy with the child on board the steamship Iverna, which was about to leave Drogheda for Liverpool. The child was dressed as a girl, and the lady stated that its name was Nellie Green.

After further evidence the case was adjourned for a week. Mrs. Chandler was admitted to bail and Mrs. Gamble remains in custody.



# THE MIDDLE CLASS AND POLITICS.

New Party of Moderate Means and  
Common Sense.

## REMARKABLE MEETING.

The great Middle-Class Party came into being last night. This newest political group was born at a meeting at the Cannon-street Hotel.

It was an interesting gathering. The men who were there were of the best middle-class type, prosperous-looking, silk-hatted, and frock-coated.

They represented the real mainstay of the country—the brain-workers of the respectable middle-classes—and the result of their gathering is that the Middle-Class Party has to be reckoned with as a new force in our national life.

"All we want is that the thinking class shall have a voice in the affairs of the Empire."

This was the keynote of the address delivered by the chairman, Mr. James Swinburne, the eminent electrical engineer.

"What we want," he said, "is to have representatives in Parliament who are not pledged to grasp at everything apparently good for one class, or who ally themselves with either party on black-mailing lines. What we want is a leavening body, a sort of yeast, that will raise legislative questions on national principles, and will vote for what is sensible on its own merits."

### The Best Class of All.

Mr. Swinburne, following Defoe, Goldsmith, and a score of other thinkers, defined the middle class as by far the most important in the country—the professional class, including all those people who make their living by the use of their brains and not by their hands. It embraced all the learned professions, the officers of the Army and Navy, and salaried civil servants; writers, musicians, and artists of all kinds; what are broadly called City or business men, tradesmen, and the large army of salaried managers, assistants, and clerks of both sexes.

The main reason why the middle class had no power, he said, was because our Government is on the party system. "This," pursued Mr. Swinburne, "is a system which would never be tolerated in managing the smallest business concern."

"I hope," he continued, "that we shall have an organisation which will not form a party in the ordinary sense at all, but which will, on the other hand, lessen the vice of party control, and return a number of professional members who will look after the interests of the professional class, directly when necessary, but who will do far more for their own class and for the nation generally by introducing sense into politics, and deciding questions on their merits."

### Break-Up of Party System.

Mr. L. P. Sidney, the hon. secretary, in an able address, asked those present to organise, control their votes for the public good, and enter the arena.

The following resolution was then moved:—

That this meeting is of opinion that it has become desirable to take immediate action to combine and organise the middle-classes of this country, independently of creed, nationality, or of existing party politics, with the object of obtaining more direct and adequate representation of their common interests both in municipal affairs and in Parliament, and pledges itself to do all in its power to forward this object.

Mr. Charles Shaw said that if the movement had the desired result it would mean the abolition of the two leading parties—Liberal and Unionist—in the House of Commons. "I venture to think," he said, "that that is a consummation devoutly to be wished." And everyone cheered the sentiment.

Dr. Fuller declared that the middle classes had been the milch cow for too long. (Applause.) Nowadays the man who invented a machine was politically a nonentity, while the man who stood by the House of Commons, who was a working man, and the cherished idol of both political parties. (Laughter and applause.)

The resolution was unanimously carried, and a successful meeting closed at 7.35, nearly 250 people enrolling their names as supporters of the movement.

### ROYAL COLLECTION AT THE ZOO.

The collection of Indian animals which the Prince of Wales is sending to the Zoological Gardens will necessitate special arrangements for housing them, and the council of the Zoological Society has obtained from the First Commissioner of Works the concession of a piece of land on the north side of the Regent's Canal for the purpose.

### RHODES SCHOLAR'S SAD DEATH.

Mr. A. K. Read, of the State of Louisiana, one of the Rhodes scholars, who was matriculated at Christ Church in October, 1904, has died at the Acland Home, Oxford, after three weeks' illness, brought on by over-study.

# TRAGEDY OF THE SEA. Lone Survivor's Rescue After a Miraculous Escape from Death.

News of a thrilling story of a tragedy of the sea, enacted off the famous Dogger Bank, the scene of the shelling of the North Sea fishing fleet, was brought to Scotland yesterday by the Mabel, a trader between Hamburg and Bo'ness.

It was about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning that the Mabel sighted the German steamer Tranje. Captain Phillips, of the Mabel, at once went to her rescue. When the Tranje was reached it was found there was only one man aboard.

Five of the crew of the Mabel volunteered to man the boat, which was in the hands of the boatswain, Andrew Tollerson, a Russian.

After courageous and praiseworthy efforts the Mabel's lifeboat succeeded in reaching the Tranje and took the remaining member of her crew aboard.

On the return journey the rescued man and three members of the lifeboat crew succeeded in reaching the Mabel's deck in safety. The boatswain of the Mabel and a seaman named Chris Rasmussen, a Dane, remained aboard the lifeboat, but the heavy seas swamped it, and both men were thrown into the sea. Rasmussen was hauled into the lifeboat by the crew of the Mabel.

The boatswain clung to one of the lifeboat's oars, and hardly managed to keep his head above water. A line was thrown him, but he failed to grasp it. As a last resource the port lifeboat was lowered, and every effort was made to save Tollerson, but with no avail.

It seems that the steamer Tranje sailed from Oldenburg, Germany—with a crew of four, including the captain—with a cargo of empty bottles to Allen, and had experienced the full force of the gale on Monday afternoon.

When the gale was at its height the captain and crew were in the deck-house when a heavy sea struck the vessel, carrying away her mainmast, and washing the whole of the crew overboard. The return sea washed the rescued man on board again, and alone in the ship he was tossed about for eighteen hours before being picked up.

## HEROISM ON A LINER.

Crippled Captain Who Made a Splendid Effort to  
Save His Doomed Ship.

A splendid story of heroism was yesterday revealed by survivors who were rescued regarding the conduct of the captain of the Phoenix liner, the British King, which was wrecked off Sable Island. The British King left New York for Antwerp last week, and her loss was due to barrels of oil and other wreckage from Sable Island dashing against her hull and letting in the water.

Notwithstanding terrible injuries, Captain O'Hagan, after having an injured limb bound up, continued the direction of the work of plugging the hole.

All efforts to keep the boat afloat failed. The vessel sank, and the crippled captain and his crew went down with it. The terror of the situation was intensified by the presence of a school of sharks.

## BETTER WAGES AND MORE WORK.

All-Round Improvement in Trade Shown by Returns  
for Month of February.

The Labour Department of the Board of Trade reports that employment in the month of February continued to improve. Better wages were paid and there was more work to do.

The changes in the rates of wages showed a rise, especially in the mining and metal trades.

In the 271 trade unions, with a net membership of 586,965 making returns, 4.4 per cent. were unemployed at the end of February, 1906, as compared with 4.7 per cent. at the end of January, 1906, and 6.2 per cent. at the end of February, 1905.

Almost all the changes in wages reported in February were increases, and the number of persons affected was nearly 131,000. The net effect of the changes was an increase of £2,150 a week, 130,000 workpeople having received advances, amounting to £2,230, and only about 1,000 having sustained decreases, amounting to £80.

## AWARDS FOR BRAVERY.

Among a number of awards made at the monthly meeting of the Royal Humane Society, yesterday, was the bronze medal to Captain A. D. Strong, 10th Lancers, for gallantly trying to save the life of a native sowar in a dangerous pool at Ghagra Ghat, India, on December 14.

Lieut. F. N. A. Crombie, R.N., received the silver medal for his courageous attempt to save a seaman who fell overboard from the Submarine A3 off the Nab Lightship on February 5.

## SEAMAN'S DYING WISH.

H.M.S. Albion proceeded to sea last night to bury the body of James Coleman, a seaman, in accordance with his dying request. Coleman died of the effects of a gunshot wound received at target practice.

# "SPECTATOR," ARMY. Start of the Scheme To Make Veterans in Six Months.

## 100 PICKED MEN.

Most of the hundred picked young men, on whom the experiment of turning raw recruits into the equal of veteran soldiers in six months is to be tried, assembled at Hounslow Barracks yesterday. They formed a promising band, eager to begin work.

The scheme originated with the "Spectator," which is bearing the expense; but it has received official recognition by Mr. Haldane, and the War Office has provided barracks and accoutrements.

"Mr. Haldane considers this the first step in his Army reform," said Lieutenant-colonel Alsager Pollock to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "If it succeeds, the experiment may be greatly extended. I say through the *Daily Mirror* for me that it is untrue that the men will work ten hours a day. No one could keep up at that rate. Their training will occupy four and a half hours a day at first, and this period possibly may be extended to six."

### Learn To Be Soldiers.

As the men came in each was given five blankets, two sheets, and a pillow-case, and after making their beds they played football in the mist. Their first meal was tea, bread and butter and jam. Today the dinner menu consists of beef, potatoes, turnips, and tapioca pudding. The men get sweets only three times a week.

"These men will have a training that has not been seen in the British Army in the last fifty years," said Colonel Pollock. "They will know as much in six months as the present recruit learns in six years."

The reason for this, it is said, is that now at no time can an officer get together more than two-thirds of his men, as dozens are at work as grooms to generals, gardeners to majors, valets, cooks, and canteen waiters.

"With 200 already rejected, we consider ourselves lucky to be here," said one of the men to the *Daily Mirror*. And he evidently voiced the feeling of his comrades.

## DISTINGUISHED SUFFRAGISTS.

Lady Frances Balfour Says Women Have the Most  
Disagreeable Work at Elections.

"While not one of those women who besieged the Prime Minister's house in Downing-street and went pouting down the pavement hand-in-hand with the police, I sympathise with women who use any means to obtain their objects, so long as their efforts are not against law and order."

So said Lady Frances Balfour when presiding yesterday at the annual meeting of the Women's Local Government Society, held at 83, Lancaster-gate, by permission of the Earl and Countess of Meath.

She had noticed from her own experience that when a general election came round men were only too ready to give women the most disagreeable duties in the shape of canvassing.

### "DAILY MIRROR" PICTURE ON BANNER.

One of the banners to be used at a meeting in favour of woman's suffrage at Victoria Park, E., on Sunday, will show a reproduction of the picture in the *Daily Mirror* of March 3 of the woman who made uniforms for 1d. an hour.

## HOW ALIENS ARE BROUGHT OVER.

Medical Officer's Striking Report on Condition of  
Immigrant Ships.

Severe criticism of the methods by which aliens are conveyed to England is contained in a report by the medical officer to the Port of London, which the City Corporation adopted yesterday.

Of one vessel, he says, "the quarters, which were insufficiently lighted and ventilated, were in a filthy condition. Pieces of fish, bread, fruit, etc., were lying about on the beds, tables, and floors, and the smell most offensive."

"The sleeping accommodation consisted of only 112-bunks for 145 souls, whilst no provision was made for separation of the sexes. Eighty horses were carried on the fore main deck, and forty-five on the upper deck, leaving very little deck space for use of the passengers."

Of another he says, "No provision was made for the separation of sexes in the bunks. Sanitary arrangements were totally inadequate."

## FORTUNES FROM MATCHES.

Mr. Wilberforce Bryant, of Stoke Park, Stoke Poges, chairman of the well-known match firm of Bryant and May, has left property valued at £218,155 gross, net personality, £73,204.

His brother, Mr. Frederick C. Bryant, joint managing director, left £272,000 in net personality.

# PLATO IN MAYFAIR. What He Has To Say on the Subject of Drink and the Passions.

There was a feast of epigrams at Claridge's yesterday.

A large company assembled there to greet Dr. Emil Reich, who lectured on Plato and the Passions. The three chosen for discussion were drink, avarice, and love.

Dr. Reich said that in his native country, Hungary, everybody drank, and no one had ever been known to touch water. Plato was not a teetotaler; indeed, he despised teetotalers.

Dr. Reich then gave vent to the following epigrams:—

Too much drinking arose not from any fascination in drink, but from lack of amusements.

Paris had many amusements; hence the comparative paucity of its drunkards.

A good way to kill drink was to get a bicycle.

Open the theatres on Sundays and a considerable proportion of drink will cease. No man could witness "Richard III." and then go and make a beast of himself.

A man should not be prohibited drink. He would instead of drink take to opium, or, ten times worse, to tea.

Speaking generally of the passions, Dr. Reich said history was made up of passions, for what was history but the human heart projected into space and time? We should not kill the passions, but, in the words of Plato, charioteer them.

## CRITICS OF TEMPERANCE.

Strong "Trade" Condemnation of Bills Proposed in  
the House of Commons.

Some pithy things were said at yesterday's meeting of the Beer and Wine Trade National Defence League during discussions upon sundry resolutions.

Mr. Adshead, of Manchester, referred to the "wild temperance schemes" in Parliament, and said some of the bills were mere fragments of the imagination.

Let them take the Bill applying to Ireland. This was to provide for closing on St. Patrick's Day, on Sundays, on election days, and at six o'clock, he believed, on Saturdays. It was absurd on the face of it.

Mr. Hopper (Salford) asked where women got drink. In his opinion, they got it from the high-class stores, the wholesale dealers, and the grocers. Why, then, should the trade be blamed in the manner it was when there was such an opportunity for obtaining drink secretly? (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Simpson (Stockport) said the Archbishop of Canterbury was an enemy of the trade, and the trade should be reminded that it would be necessary, perhaps, to give him a Roland for an Oliver when the time came.

## REOPENING OF CHARING CROSS STATION

After Being Closed to Traffic for Fifteen Weeks  
Through Collapse of the Roof.

Charing Cross Station will be opened for traffic again on Monday next, March 19, and the cobblestoned courtyard will once more be noisy with the rattle of many cabs.

The station has been closed since the terrible and unique accident which happened there on December 5 last. At the time there was some talk of building a new station on the south side of the river in place of the familiar landmark off the Strand, but this was a rumour which was promptly denied.

In consequence of structural alterations now in progress, the full service of trains will not be resumed immediately after the opening of the station, and the Continental expresses will be run from and to Victoria Station until further notice.

## MILLIONAIRE'S LOW WAGE.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, jun., millionaire, democrat, and athlete, has started to work in Chicago this week for two dollars a day.

Although an "all-round society man," his closest friend when at Yale was "Jim Hogan," the poor boy who worked his way through Exeter Academy and Yale. The mother of young Fish was an Astor, and he is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor.

## WOUNDED IN HOUSE BY FLYING METAL.

Parts of a huge fly-wheel, which was being broken up by means of explosives at Bond and Co.'s foundry, Longridge, near Preston, yesterday, flew in all directions.

One piece, several pounds in weight, went through the window of a house 200 yards away and struck Mrs. Partridge, widow of a son of the proprietor of the works, who was removed to an infirmary in a serious condition, suffering from internal injuries.



## "THE PHILOSOPHY OF FURNITURE."

Messrs. Oetzmann's Representative Discusses Ethics.

## "FURNISHERS" DEFENCE.

As was only to be expected, the change from the vitiated atmosphere of King's Bench Court IX. to the comparatively fresh air of King's Bench Court III. yesterday had an invigorating and refreshing effect on the "furniture case."

The transference was almost as bracing in its results as a trip to Eastbourne would have been.

During most of the day there was a breezy cross-examination, Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., being the questioner, and Mr. Young, the counting-house manager at Messrs. Oetzmann's, the questioned.

Mr. Lush has a great gift of irony, which he employed to the full. Mr. Young is obviously a gentleman of great business ability, and he kept his composure and his lucidity of reply under an ordeal that must have been very trying, for questions came fast and keenly pressed for several hours.

Not only had Mr. Young to answer queries as to facts, but he had also to give his opinion constantly on the subject of the ethics of matters which were mentioned.

Mr. Lush began his onslaught with a reference to the witness's position in the firm.

Mr. Lush's Onslaught.

"Counting-house," counsel repeated, "is that where you count the profits made by the consolidated agreements?"

"It is where all accounts are dealt with," explained Mr. Young in his matter-of-fact tones. And then he told the Court how he had been forty-one years with Oetzmann's.

"I suppose an enormous number of hiring agreements have passed through your hands?" queried Mr. Lush.

"Not enormous; a large number."

"Has it been a profitable business, this hire-purchase business?" pursued counsel, dwelling on the word "profitable."

"We have been successful," said Mr. Young, slowly measuring his words.

Mr. Lush then proposed to read from a ledger the list of houses from which goods had been removed in 1903, but did not press the point when Mr. Dickens protested that "this was going too far."

"Are you not ashamed of the way in which you treated these ladies?" was counsel's next question in his severest manner.

Question by the Judge.

Mr. Young said "No," while everybody leant forward to listen to his reply.

"And you would do the same thing again if you got the chance?" said counsel, before witness could add anything.

"Yes, if we were in the same circumstances." "You would have taken their money on December 21, and given instructions for clearing their houses out on the next day," commented Mr. Lush, raising his voice to indignation pitch.

His Lordship pointed out that £125 had been paid for instalments due in the August, and then the goods were seized in December. As Messrs. Oetzmann said that they knew before the money was paid that there was a difficulty about rent, would it not have been fairer to have seized the goods before taking the instalments?

"We hoped they might still pull through," said Mr. Young, and the Judge as he took the reply down remarked that this might be a satisfactory answer.

In the meantime, Mr. Lush down below had been getting ready a furniture catalogue dealing with "an immense sale of nearly new furniture from Metropole Hotel, Southend."

Suspicious and Impertinent.

Holding the catalogue up, Mr. Lush asked the witness to look at the "pretty pictures." Could he say that any of the Southend furniture was included in the sale?

Mr. Young said that he had no personal knowledge of the details.

After Mr. Young had been re-examined, Mr. Stone, his assistant counting-house manager, to whom he had constantly referred as being able, from personal knowledge, to clear matters up, was put into the witness-box.

Mr. Stone soon showed that his nature is more impulsive than that of his principal. Mr. Acland, K.C., who was in charge of plaintiffs' case during the temporary absence of Mr. Lush, asked about some papers from which he appeared to think that the witness was reading while he gave his evidence.

"These documents have been 'put in.' Look at them," cried the witness, holding them out. "You are too suspicious."

"You are impertinent," said the K.C.

"And you are impertinent, too," retorted the witness.

The Judge smoothed the difficulty over, and soon afterwards adjourned the court.

## HUSBAND'S RUSE.

Amateur Detective's Discovery Leads to Divorce Court.

How Mr. Robert Root, bookmaker and tobaccoist, of West Kensington, played the part of detective was told in the Divorce Court yesterday, when the amateur detective asked for a divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Mr. Howard Charlesworth, of Putney Bridge-road.

One night, when he was supposed to be at dinner with some friends, Mr. Root came home, and, going quietly up a back flight of stairs, saw his wife and Mr. Charlesworth together. Next day (May 5, 1905) he received this letter from Charlesworth:—

Mr. Root,—I thought I would write to you to see if I could get an explanation of last night's affair. I was talking to your wife and Nellie (the wife's sister) for some time, and they asked me into the room behind to have a bit of supper.

I was astonished to see you rush in like a madman.

I will remind you that you kicked me several times on the shins, hurting me very much, and that is hardly a manly thing to do.

Will you meet me at Kensington Museum? Bring a friend with you, if you like.

I will be alone, and then we can go somewhere to settle our differences.

Later, Mr. Root found letters written by Charlesworth to his wife after the proceedings for divorce were commenced. One letter finished: "I shall be so pleased to see you, my own sweet love.—Your own sweetheart, Howard."

The hearing was adjourned.

## MARRIED OR NOT?

Sir Gorell Barnes Reserves Judgment in the Singular Jactitation Suit.

Judgment was reserved yesterday in the curious jactitation case in which Thomas Henry Ascroft, son of an ex-Mayor of Bootle, denies his marriage with Ellen Foley, otherwise Trevor, and wishes to restrain her from saying that they are married. On Mr. Shee, K.C., urging that the alibi put forward by Ascroft entirely disproved Mrs. Trevor's story, Sir Gorell Barnes said that Mr. Shee was putting on Mrs. Trevor a scheme of fraud of the most ingenious character. Was she clever enough to find another man to go through the marriage



THE RESPONDENT.

ceremony, and a man, moreover, who was himself capable of imitating Mr. Ascroft's handwriting?

Counsel for Mrs. Trevor followed up this point keenly. He ridiculed Mr. Shee's suggestion that some other man signed the register as "Trevor," and said that it would need a perfect "Jim the Penman" to write a signature like that straight away on a register. The alibi, he declared, was inconclusive, and it was a wicked thing for Mr. Shee to make the imputation he had done against a girl's character, and on the instructions of the very man who had led to her downfall.

## "DR." BODIE CAUSES A SCENE.

Medical Students Create Uproarious Scenes When He Appears.

A body of medical students who interrupted a performance by "Dr." Walford Bodie in a Leeds music-hall on Wednesday were ejected by the police after many exciting scenes.

No blows were struck at first, but the attempt to remove the interrupters was resisted. They considered they were only exercising a common right of showing approval or disapproval of a music-hall "turn," and their friends, taking the same view, also tried to prevent their ejection by holding tightly on to their limbs and garments.

Eventually the students were put out. In the struggle inside and outside the hall blows were exchanged, and one youth was taken in charge. It was stated by some that the police had to draw their batons. This, however, the officers deny.

Inspector Bingham, of Cardiff, who discovered the acids and powders which enable invisible fingerprints to be disclosed, has been reduced to the rank of sergeant.

## MAKING "GHOSTS."

Equipment with Which a "Medium" Duped the Credulous.

## CHAIR WITH A CUPBOARD.

"Ghosts" can, after all, be raised without great difficulty. Photographs on page 9 show how Eldred, the bogus "medium," exposed last week, produced his spirit "manifestations."

Eldred was a grocer in the Midlands; who developed the powers of a "medium" with suspicious suddenness. He was called upon to give a seance before some leading spiritualists, and his fraud was discovered.

His methods were extremely simple. He insisted on a darkened room, and would use none but his own chair. In a cabinet concealed in the back of this chair he carried his apparatus.

It consisted of a dummy head, with a hood of fine China silk. This head, of flesh-coloured material, was made to fit over the "medium's" head, and reached to his shoulders. Inside was a paper mask.

An apron of fine silk, a piece of black cloth, a black sleeve, a wire coat-hanger, an iron hook, a wig or two, and an electric flashlight, with some yards of wire, completed the equipment.

Tricks in the Dark.

Once in the dark, Eldred unlocked his chair cupboard and donned his dummy head, hood, and apron. In the dim light he could easily give an effect, by raising and lowering the black cloth, of appearing and disappearing.

He called up Mr. John King, dead 300 years ago, by the aid of a brown beard.

By placing his coat over the hanger, and putting the mask above it, in the "conditional" light his audience took it to be the shrunken form of the "medium," whilst Eldred in "spirit form" moved about the room.

"Light," commenting on the fraud, urges all spiritualists against the use of darkened rooms and special furniture.

There are about 1,000 so-called "mediums" in London, the *Daily Mirror* learned yesterday. Their terms are anything from a shilling to twenty guineas, according to the locality in which they operate and the class of client.

In regard to the genuine "medium," it is not easy, as a rule, for a merely curious outsider to be admitted to a "circle." He must be educated by easy stages, and introduced.

## ROMANCE OF A WORKHOUSE.

Pauper Who Is Said To Have Won the Affections of Infirmary Nurse and Married Her.

A romantic story was told yesterday concerning John Bates, a native of Bury, who was charged at Dewsbury with bigamy. Bates is a well-built man of military appearance and a carpenter by trade.

Last November he was admitted as a pauper into the Dewsbury Workhouse, and in the infirmary was placed under Nurse Cubar.

She nursed him, and the intimacy became so strong that they were engaged. They were married in Leeds Registry Office in January. Miss Cubar lent the money for the marriage licence and the wedding-ring.

It is alleged that Bates was married in 1894, and he was committed for trial on the charge of bigamy.

## BABY IN A FISH-BASKET.

Judge and Jury at the Old Bailey Agree That Young Mother Was Not Guilty of the Capital Crime.

A very sad story was told at the Old Bailey, when Mrs. Bexley, the wife of an omnibus driver, of Ranelagh-road, Harlesden, was indicted for the murder of her child.

The woman, so the evidence showed, was very fond of her child, but had been greatly worried because the rent was in arrears.

Some weeks ago the infant's body was found in a fish-basket, and she had left the following letter to her husband:—

Dear Fred,—Mrs. Quin has been quarrelling with me, so I cannot stay. I have gone. Don't expect me back. My love to you and the children. I hope you will get on well. I have taken the baby.—Your loving wife, Alice.

The accused was acquitted, the Judge remarking that there was not sufficient evidence to justify the jury in finding her guilty.

## HOSPITAL'S GREAT WORK FOR LONDON.

Speaking at a meeting in London yesterday in support of the movement to raise an emergency fund of £120,000 for Charing Cross Hospital, the Earl of Kilmorey said that about 20,000 out and 25,000 in-patients were received by the hospital during a year, and its disappearance would be a metropolitan disaster.

## SHY HANDSOME MEN.

Only One Competes for a Prize To Be Given for Good Looks.

Handsome men in England appear to be extremely difficult.

Mrs. Ada Ballin, the health and beauty specialist, is offering three guineas for the photograph of the handsomest man in the country, to be exhibited in the Health, Beauty, and Toilet Exhibition in the Grafton Galleries next month, but only one man has as yet forwarded his portrait; and there is still room for improvement.

"Only one restriction is made," said Mrs. Ballin to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Bald-headed men need not apply."

"They haven't got the remotest chance of winning, however handsome they may otherwise be," she said. "If a bald-headed man wishes to enter, he must purchase a wig, and be photographed in that. It would be difficult to detect in a photograph, and I shall not be as strict as all that."

The beauty competition is divided into three sections, and prizes will be awarded for the photographs of the most beautiful woman, the handsomest man, and the loveliest child. Mrs. Ballin has already received a good many photographs, the majority being of children.

Mrs. Ballin described the salient features in a handsome man as consisting of the conformation of his head, the position of his ears, the shape of his nose, chin, and mouth, the distance between his eyes, and the shape of his eyebrows.

"I judge his appearance," she said candidly, "just as I should judge the points of a horse. Under ordinary circumstances I should pay great attention to his complexion, but unfortunately this cannot be taken into account in a photograph."

The entries will close on Monday, March 26, and the result will be announced at the exhibition.

## ACTION AGAINST LORD JUSTICE.

Lord Justice of Appeal's Case Pleaded Before His Colleagues on the Bench.

On the resumption of the hearing of the appeal by Mrs. Kenneth Grahame and Miss Winifred Thompson against the decision of Mr. Justice Joyce in their action against their stepfather (Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton), Mr. Neville, K.C., for the defendant, continued his arguments yesterday in the Court of Appeal.

He wished, he said, to make it clear that there was no foundation whatever for the suggestion made by counsel for the applicants the previous day that Mrs. Moulton maintained the defendant during her lifetime. No such suggestion was put to Mr. Fletcher Moulton in the court below.

During the early part of their married life the wife's contribution was larger than the husband's, but that was not the case in the latter years.

The case was adjourned.

## MOTOR-CAR IN MID-AIR.

Amateur's Photograph for Which a Fee of Half a Guinea Will Be Paid.

Mr. T. H. Jell, of 81, High-street, Dover, is the amateur whose photograph we publish to-day.

The picture shows a motor-car being landed at the Admiralty Pier, Dover. The chauffeur was in the car at the time.

Mr. Jell will receive half a guinea for the right of reproduction, and is also a candidate for the weekly prize of two guineas for the best photograph sent in.

Amateur photographers who wish to enter for the *Daily Mirror* snapshot competition should study the following rules:—

For every photograph used we will pay half a guinea. No negatives should be sent in. Only prints will be considered.

Each photograph should bear upon the back the competitor's name and address and the word "Competition," and be enclosed in an envelope marked "Photograph Competition."

A stamped and addressed envelope must be sent with each photograph if the sender desires it to be returned, but in no case will the Editor be responsible for the loss of photographs.

In order to simplify our system of book-keeping we shall only pay the money on the application of the photographer, who must cut his picture out of the *Daily Mirror*, and send it in with his request for payment.

## BISHOP'S SON'S BANKRUPTCY.

To an interest in politics, John Boyd Carpenter, a son of Bishop Boyd Carpenter, attributed his insolvency yesterday when he appeared at the Salisbury Bankruptcy Court.

The debtor's statement showed liabilities amounting to £643, and assets, represented by jewellery, valued at 30s.

## MINISTERS WHO REMAIN DIRECTORS.

Twelve members of the present Government, according to the "Stock Exchange Gazette," retain directorships of public companies.

They are Lord Aberdeen, Earl of Elgin, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. R. K. Causton, Mr. John E. Ellis, Lord Portsmouth, Mr. Joseph A. Pease, Mr. Edmund Robertson, Lord Denman, Lord Granville, and Mr. H. E. Keadley.



## FRUITARIAN LENT.

What Patients and Nurses Eat in the Bromley Hospital.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

BY DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

To the majority of people Lent is a term of severe mortification.

There are a large number of devoutly earnest people who are conscious that the experience of all great religions extending over centuries of time cannot be ignored as valueless.

And so they learn with humble hearts that abstinence from flesh food in the springtime is one of the most valuable of practices in its effects both on the spiritual and physical sides of life.

To them the simple and beautiful life at the Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, Kent, will appeal most strongly.

Founded three years ago, it has had no animal killed for the food of a single inmate during the whole of that time. No ox has lowed in dying agony. No lamb bleated out its plaintive death-cry.

No unclean pig screamed its death-scream as the cruel knife cut through muscle and nerve and artery to provide food for patient, doctor, or nurse within the walls of this fruitarian hospital.

## Lent Without Privation.

And now Lent is here, and the joyous round of work goes on, helping the sick back again to health, ministering to their bodies, and encouraging their minds to take up life anew with braver hearts and better knowledge of how to avoid illness in the future.

Lent is here, and the full, healthy faces of the staff get no thinner and no paler, because their bodies are fully nourished with all the kindly fruits of the earth from every land.

Oranges and apples jostle with bananas and lemons. The sun-dried raisins of Spain and the beautiful currants of Greece are found side by side with figs from Turkey and dates from Egypt and plums from California and pines from Jamaica.

There are the varieties of grass fruits—the rice and wheat and barley and oats—and the leguminous fruits—the peas and beans and lentils and dahl in small quantities.

Beside these come nuts, used freely after being put through an Orange's nut mill and transformed into snowy meal; salads—especially the fresh-water watercress grown on unpolluted well farms—vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs.

In place of all the objectionable animals fats there is only used the snow-white Darlene, one of the purest fats that the cocoanut has produced; and malted nuts and vegetable oils are freely used.

## Not "Vegetarians."

At the Lady Margaret Hospital there is no need for the festive *Mit-Guten* to alleviate the Lenten rigours, for Lent has no rigours—the whole year is a perpetual Lent, and those who have adopted it wisely have found it pleasant and healthful and altogether lovely.

Sometimes it is asked: "Are you not vegetarians?" and my answer is always "No."

We have no connection with any vegetarian movement, and wholly repudiate all the fads and extravagances that have been propagated under its name.

Those who want to learn how the great variety of nature's wealth of fruits and nuts and grains can best be utilised should either write to the Fruitarian Society, New Kent-road, S.E., or to the Order of the Golden Age, Paignton, S. Devon, for a shilling or a sixpenny or a penny cookery book and some free literature, or should spend a month in learning cookery in the refectory of the hospital, or in one of the seaside homes connected with it.

The council of the hospital would gladly welcome any readers of the *Daily Mirror* to garden-party in June, when Lady Llangatock and the Countess of Derby are naming cots and acting as hostesses.

## BEAUTIFYING THE GUILDHALL.

Council Receives with Approval Proposal to Strip Interior of Disfiguring Coat of Plaster.

The movement for the beautifying of London has extended to the City.

Mr. William Rome's motion that something be done to restore to the Guildhall interior its original picturesqueness, was passed at a Council meeting yesterday, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter.

Mr. Rome suggests that the walls and columns of the hall be stripped of their covering of plaster, which is an eighth of an inch thick, and the grey stone underneath disclosed to view.

It is not known definitely when the stone was covered, but the action is thought to have been due to Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire. The City surveyor told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that months will elapse before anything can be done. Considerable expense will be involved.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Over 100 scholars at the Ingram-road Boys' School, Croydon, have joined the Anti-Cigarette League.

Torquay Cricket Club's pavilion, one of the most picturesque in the country, was destroyed by fire yesterday.

The King has approved of the sentence reducing Staff Sergeant-Major J. C. Roberts, of the 12th Lancers, to the ranks.

Five husbands in West Hull, well known to each other, have been presented with twins during the last fortnight, and one case of triplets is reported in the same district.

Prince Christian presided yesterday at the annual meeting of Windsor Royal Infirmary, and afterwards went over the sick wards, stopping to say a few kindly words to many of the patients.

At a recent meeting in the Bryanston-street Hall a man related that for many years he had suffered from excessive thinness, but through taking up Christian Science he had become comfortably stout.

With a view to assisting in the improvement of the organisation of the Unionist Party, the "Manchester Courier" has initiated a movement for instituting a propagandist club in the North of England. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have written approvingly in support of the proposal.

A proposal to give the Corporation workmen of the City of London a holiday on May 1, known as "Labour Day," was rejected yesterday at a meeting of the Court of Common Council as "there was too much of this sort of thing."

At the funeral of the late Admiral Hammond, which took place at Westacre, Norfolk, yesterday, the King and Queen were represented by General Sir Dighton Probyn, and a wreath was received from her Majesty.

Artesian wells are increasing in London. The latest institution to show its independence in this fashion is Clement's Inn, where a well has just been tapped, after three months' boring, at a depth of 450 feet.

It is proposed by the London County Council that about 250 trees shall be planted, at a total cost of about £237 10s., in the new streets to be constructed in connection with the Holborn to Strand improvement.

The Court of Common Council decided yesterday to contribute a sum of £200 out of the City's cash to the fund now being raised at the Mansion House in aid of the sufferers by famine in Japan.

It has been discovered that it was a nest of rats whose mysterious noises gave rise to a ghost story at Canarvon and caused the departure of a householder to another part of the town.

## AUTHOR OF "THE INVASION OF 1910."



No modern feuilleton has created such an immense sensation as "The Invasion of 1910," by William Le Queux (a portrait of whom appears above), now appearing in the "Daily Mail." The Prime Minister has been questioned in the House of Commons regarding this remarkable work, and Lord Roberts has recommended it to the perusal of everyone who has the welfare of the British Empire at heart.—(Elliott and Fry.)

Owing to the large number of railroad accidents, Government clerks in the railway post-office service of the United States are urging that steel cars be generally introduced. Since 1900 seventy postal clerks, substitutes, and weighers have been killed in railroad wrecks while on duty.

Major Parseval, of Berlin, who designed a balloon which has been adopted by fifteen countries for military purposes, has now invented a new navigable airship, which he claims will travel from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour.

It is reported that negotiations have been concluded for the purchase of two anthracite collieries in the Gwendreath Valley by a powerful German syndicate. Nothing has been allowed to transpire as to the purchase price.

It is reported that the lead mines in the Eyam district of Derbyshire are shortly to be reopened. The importation of cheap foreign lead was the cause of the mines being closed many years ago.

London clubs have just been increased by the "Utopians," a society of writers, who have established themselves in Chelsea. The club's motto is to serve God and be merry.

At Liverpool yesterday the charge against Richard Phillips, shipowner, of fraudulent falsification of share registers was withdrawn.

The bakers of Wandsworth, Battersea, and Clapham exhibited in their windows yesterday the notice, "Down Again," they having reduced the price of bread 1d. per 4lb. loaf.

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LAST TWO NIGHTS.  
EVERY EVENING AT 8.15, and  
LAST MATINEE ON SATURDAY AT 2.15.  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, March 20. See Notice below.  
Box Office 10 to 10.

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TUESDAY NEXT, March 20, and EVERY EVENING.  
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OSCAR ASCHER, LEE H. BAXTER, and full Address, &c.  
Seals may now be booked, Tel. 2645 Gerrard.  
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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.

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MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

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TO-NIGHT, at 8.  
A JUDGE'S MEMORY.

MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

WALDORF.—Lessees, The Messrs. Shubert.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

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Nightly, at 8.55. Matinee, To-morrow, at 3.

"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE" by H. H. Davies.

LAST 2 NIGHTS.

Charles Wyndham, Marion Terry, and Mary Moore.

At 8.20, "The American Widow" doors open at 8.

N.B.—On Wednesday next, March 21, will be revived

THE CANDIDATE.

Prices, 6d. to 2 Guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME.

Alight at Piccadilly-circus Station, Baker-Loo Rly.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

"AMONG THE STARS" MONTEKELLI, HERBERT

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LEWIS, GENARO and THEOD. THE POSITIVE

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—TODAY.

Six o'clock Promenade Concert, Miss Gurney Jones and

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Band, etc. Annual Irish Concert To-morrow, at 8 p.m.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, Oxford-circus, W.

(next the two tube stations). LAST WEEKS.

Over 200 Performing Animals. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices

1s. to 5s. Children half-price all parts. Box-office, 10

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MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES,

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for best title of new trick. Brilliant Programme. Seats

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OUR NAVY and OUR ARMY.

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Seats, 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. Children half-price.

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CHATHAM House College, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.

—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, pro-

fessions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the

1st "B.E.K.B." ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys

under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on appli-

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A. Anyone having surplus cash of £3 upwards should

write at once for our pamphlet forwarded post free,

which explains how £400 may be invested to return

£1 5s. to £2 10s. profit weekly; other amounts propor-

tionately; no trouble involved. Brackets of testimonials

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in men by local absorption; fully up to the advanced

ideas on the subject; post paid. "The Marton

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A. Beautiful Portrait Miniature of yourself or friends, in

lifelike colours, mounted in rolled-gold pendant; complete

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on both sides—1s. extra; Miniatures without Pendant, 1s.

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park, N. (P.O. crossed).

COIRING banished; painless; easily applied; 7d.—Needham's

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DEAFNESS and Noises absolutely and permanently cured;

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ELECTROLYSIS.—Superficial hair permanently removed;

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W. Hours, 11 to 5 daily.

FREE.—30 assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy

Whisky, on receipt of 2d. to defray postage.

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INDIGESTION.—Sufferers should take the celebrated

Remedy Zinzo, without delay, to cure at once and per-

manently; send stamp for free sample: 1s. 1d. and

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METROPOLITAN Hospital for Skin Diseases, 59, Oxford-

street, London, W. (closed on Thursdays and 5 p.m. except

Thursday evening); medicine posted to country patients.

—P. Daynes, Secretary.



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# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1906.

## THE ONLY WAY.

The two most tragic figures in our modern social conditions are the figures of the man who wants work and cannot find it and of the man who is past work and has to beg for his bread and his bed.—*Mr. Asquith, in the Old Age Pensions debate.*

Hunger is the one calamity which makes universal appeal. Everyone knows what it is to be hungry. Everyone can imagine how it feels to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

We feel sorry for those who have ragged clothes and no fire; for those who have lost dear ones; for those who are desolate and oppressed; for the women who make Volunteers' trousers at 1½d. an hour; for the men who do the rough work of the world for a very small wage.

But the man who is hungry gets more than sorrow out of us. He gets a meal. We could not eat our own meals without a choking in the throat if we knew that a particular fellow-creature close at hand was weak and faint for lack of one.

The sufferings which we do not see, however, have little or no effect upon us. They do not make us feel uncomfortable. We read about them, but we think "Perhaps it isn't really so bad as they make out." Even if we do not question the facts, we ask ourselves Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This is why the tragic figures Mr. Asquith spoke of continue to haunt us. They will continue to do so until we change our motto from "Every man for himself" to "Every man for the welfare of all." There is only one way to get rid of them. England must be converted to the religion of Christ. H. H. F.

## THE MEDIUM UNMASKED!

The remarkable photographs which are printed in this morning's *Daily Mirror*, showing how a fraudulent "medium" deceived his dupes, will very likely cause a great many people to announce triumphantly that "they have said spiritualism was nonsense all along." This is a frame of mind to be guarded against.

The pictures are very amusing. They show exactly how "ghosts" are made.

But it does not follow that we must abandon belief in the possibility of there being a spirit world very near this world of ours just because there are a certain number of humbugs falsely pretending to be able to establish communication between the two.

There are some who go much further than belief in the possibility of what are commonly called ghosts. They firmly believe in their actual existence. They say they have seen them under conditions which forbid the suggestion that they were being played with.

Most of us, however, are still in the stage of uncertainty. We do not deny that the firm believers in spirits may be right; though we have not yet got to the point of active belief ourselves. We admit that there are very likely "more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in our philosophies." But we suspend our judgment as to what these things are.

Do not let us be turned from this calm attitude of mind, this state of readiness to accept any facts that may be proved, by the conviction of a few swindlers. You once had a "flash" bank-note passed to you. Yet you never thought of going about saying all bank-notes were forgeries. The incident only made you more careful in examining notes when you received them.

That is how we should treat this comical episode of the medium unmasked. It should make us more careful about accepting manifestations of the occult. But it should not prejudice us against belief in spiritualism altogether. Whether that is or is not to be the religion of the future, as so many hold, it cannot be condemned off-hand just because some of its prophets are false. E. B.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Passion drives the man, passions the woman; him a stream, her the winds.—*Jean Paul.*

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE appeal made on behalf of the Royal Literary Fund by its treasurer and vice-president, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, who complained, at the annual meeting of the fund, that its advance had been very modest compared to that of other institutions, ought not to be neglected by anybody with a few guineas to spare. Nowadays everybody writes books, or plans to write them, and authors are not the half-tolerated outcasts from respectable society that they were once. Unfortunately authors, therefore, as being everybody's confidants or poor relations, ought to be helped over the difficult places of their lives.

Literature, as I said, is an acknowledged calling nowadays, so no one need apologise for supporting its followers; but things were different when the Literary Fund was started. It was founded in 1790 by a man named David Williams, who required all the heroic energy he apparently possessed in order to get his scheme on foot. Williams was not considered at all a "nice person." There was a certain laxity about his religious convictions which

committee composed of all parties and persons, so that the gift to be made may be a universal and national one.

Ellen Terry's name has been, illogically but naturally, even dearer to the public since Henry Irving died. During the Lyceum days he was always accustomed to attribute much of his success to her, in those charming speeches he made on first nights, calling her "his dear friend and colleague." In a beautifully printed little treatise on Henry Irving by "Christopher St. John," published by "the Green Sheaf," Ellen Terry is fittingly called the "dearest partner of his greatness." Admirers of Irving will be interested in this account of his acting—a genuine essay in hero-worship, with its enthusiastic approval of him as an actor and a man.

The artistic world, and that section of it especially which lives in Chelsea, has been profoundly interested in the article published in "Truth" about Mr. Alfred Gilbert's Bohemian method of conducting business. People "behind the scenes," however—his fellow sculptors and painters—have

appeared to be penniless, owing to the fact that they frequently lose their money as soon as they earn it. And so stories still linger concerning Mr. Gilbert's eccentricities.

An acquaintance of his said that he met the sculptor one day in the King's-road. "My dear fellow," said Mr. Gilbert, "I have spent all my money on a new statue. I simply haven't a penny for lunch. I am starving. Can you lend me half a crown?" The acquaintance produced the money. Mr. Gilbert thanked him profusely. Then he turned away, hailed a hansom cab, stepped gaily in, shouted "Chelsea Arts Club" to the driver, and drove off, although "penniless," in proper state to his appointment. He probably held to the maxim common amongst artists that luxuries (such as cabs) are more necessary than necessities (such as lunch).

The "Oxford Magazine" publishes a letter this week from one bearing the historic name of William Gladstone, attacking Mr. Guy Thorne for attacking the librarian of the Union Society for burning his books. One must apologise for this House-that-Jack-built form of expression, but really attack and counter-attack about Mr. Thorne are succeeding one another so rapidly that it is difficult to mark the stages of the contest in any other way. Mr. Gladstone's letter attributes the responsibility of burning Mr. Thorne's books to the Library Committee, and indignantly protests against Mr. Thorne's laying the whole matter at the door of a single man.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### REWARD OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

To introduce anything like the Continental Sabbath would surely be detrimental to us, as it is to any country that adopts it.

Where is there a country, may I ask, that has been blessed like England? And don't you think it is in some measure owing to her regarding her Sabbath?

Does not the Bible time after time command us to keep holy our Sabbath, with such commands as "Thou shalt reverence My Sabbath"? Has not England walked upon the high places of the earth? Yes; and in a great measure I firmly believe it is due to God's holy day being kept.

Waver, Herts.

SABBATH-KEEPER.

### SPOILING A GOOD THING.

There is no doubt that motoring is a very useful as well as delightful means of getting about. There are a few, however, in charge of cars who seem to make a practice of trying to be a nuisance to the public.

I have noticed recently two deliberate cases, where those in charge of cars have, when the roads were in bad condition, gone as close to the pavement as possible, and as fast as possible, on their wrong side, just for the fun of seeing people get freely showered with mud.

This sort of thing cannot be condemned too strongly. It does more to prejudice people against motoring than anything—even dust. REASON.

Matlock Bath.

### A PUPIL TEACHER'S RING.

Will you allow me to voice the disgust of many people at the action of Mr. Birrell in confirming the decision given by the Rotherham School Council in reference to Miss Turner, who was dismissed from her situation for refusing to take off her engagement ring during school hours?

It seems almost impossible to believe that a body of Englishmen should have no sight of the elementary principles of fair play as to support such tyranny. It can only be hoped that their ill-considered action will bring upon them the deep contempt of all fair-minded people. J. A.

Station-road, Southend-on-Sea.

### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

I would like to ask who informed "B. T." that a woman's place is by her own fireside.

The reason woman is the weaker sex is because she has too long been sacrificed to domestic life. Almost all health-giving and intellectual pleasures have been denied her, making her at a very early age a physical wreck with no interest in life.

This is the dawn of a womanhood, strong and determined not to be sacrificed any longer. Chislehurst. N. and N.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 15.—Bullfinches are already working havoc among the gooseberry buds, and, if they are not kept away, there will be a very poor crop of fruit. These beautiful birds are terribly destructive; how often, thanks to them, does one see the ground round apple and cherry trees littered with pecked buds and flowers!

Yet even the most mischievous birds (sparrows, tits, blackbirds, etc.) have their uses. All through the winter they are devouring weed-seeds, insects, and other pests, which would otherwise ruin the summer garden. So let us think twice before we destroy the feathered songsters which cause so much anxiety. L. F. T.

## GERMANY REJOICES IN KING EDWARD'S SMILE.



Once more, says "Simplicissimus," the famous comic paper of Munich, King Edward smiles on Germany, who can sit and sun herself in the rays of his friendship. This is in allusion to the report that his Majesty will shortly pay a visit to the German Emperor.

caused him to be classed with malicious heretics and even with atheists. He had directed a Unitarian Church at Highgate, and one with an even vaguer creed in a church near Cavendish-square. Finally, he had kept a boarding-house in Chelsea.

All that was distinctly odd and irregular. But what Williams did next was more injudicious still. He went to Paris, in the midst of the Revolution, and amused his generous soul with the various pieces of generous folly then in the air—with the emancipation of man, the rights of man, progress, and the other illusions that buoyed the Girondins up until they had had an opportunity of testing on the scaffold their theories about the beauty of human nature and its instinct for fraternity. Williams came back to England in the midst of the reaction against revolutionary ideas, and succeeded, in spite of all the prejudice against him, in scrapping together £5,000 for his beloved project, his Literary Fund, which has lasted till to-day.

To celebrate the stage jubilee of Ellen Terry the "Tribune" has, with excellent intentions, started a scheme for the presentation of some kind of tribute to the celebrated actress who worked for so many years with Henry Irving to raise and benefit the theatre. Such a scheme ought not, however, to be confined to one newspaper or party or set of persons. It ought to be taken up by a

known long ago that Mr. Gilbert was like most artists, unsystematic, and, indeed, a man "born out of his due time." He ought to have been born in Italy at the time of the Renaissance, and been a rival, morally and artistically, of Benvenuto Cellini. Then, if models had displeased him, or patrons proved importunate, he could have knocked them about the ears, and shut his doors in their faces.

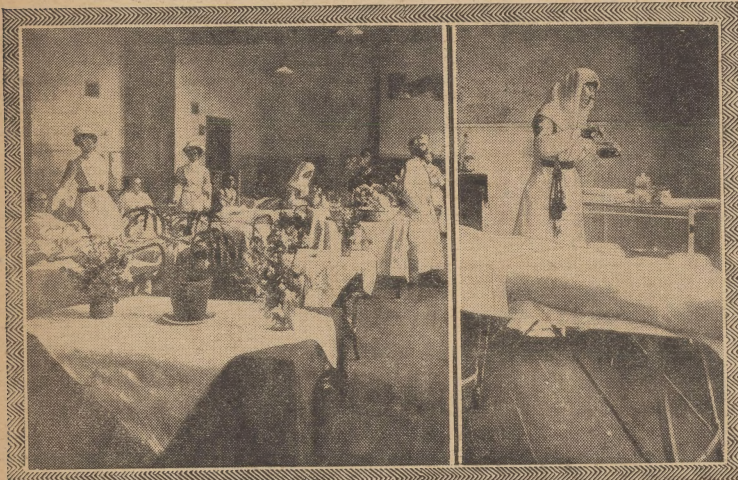
The shutting of doors Mr. Gilbert manages, I hear, already, by dint of living in Bruges—a city that died long ago—where he has his studio. I am told, by one who recently had to visit Mr. Gilbert there on a matter of business, that the door of the studio is, indeed, kept generally closed. You knock and you ring for many minutes, and at last appears, in the half-opened doorway, a strange creature—a kind of hunchback, dumb and blind, the safe guardian, I suppose, of the artist's Renaissance reveries. From the hunchback you gain no information, and very likely no admittance, unless you can prove that you come on a pleasant errand.

Before the new Cellini went out to live in Bruges his artistic irresponsibility was matter of common talk in Chelsea. Artists have notoriously a way of living with disorder all around them, so that they can never find anything they want and always



# SNAP SHOTS

CURING DISEASES BY FRUIT DIET.

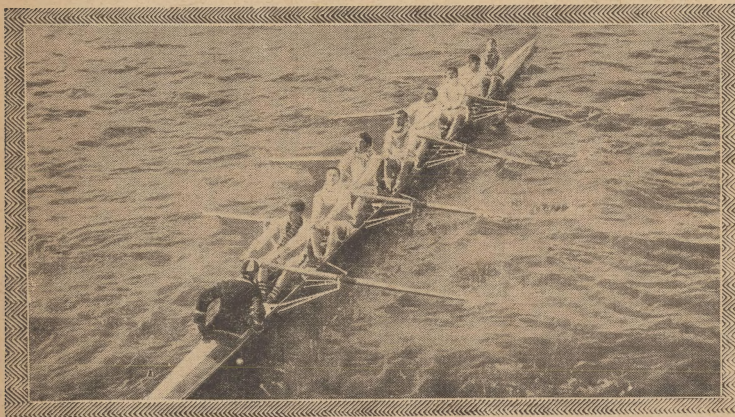


Dr. Josiah Oldfield, chairman of the committee of the Lady Margaret Hospital at Bromley, Kent, says that people past middle age should give up meat-eating. Above photographs show the patients taking their midday meal of fruit, and the operating-room.



Nurses taking their midday meal of fruit, toast, and rice. They live on the same fruit diet as the patients, and have no craving to adopt a meat diet. Although nearly 5,000 out-patients have been treated, only two deaths have occurred.

LIGHT BLUES' STARTLING SURPRISE AT BOURNE END.



Rowing between Marlow Point and Cookham Bridge in rough water, the Cambridge boatrace crew covered the three miles and a half in 16min. 7sec., which is 22sec. less than the previous best record.

## PATHETIC SCENES of the FRENCH COLLIERIES



In the vast common grave where the bodies of the miners recovered from the terrible disaster at the Courrières Colliery are now placed no attempt is being made at identification. They are simply placed in the trench, the priest reads the



On the left is the long procession of coffins, with their unnamed bodies, on way from the colliery to the cemetery through lines of weeping relatives, and



# FUNERAL of the VICTIMS BY DISASTER

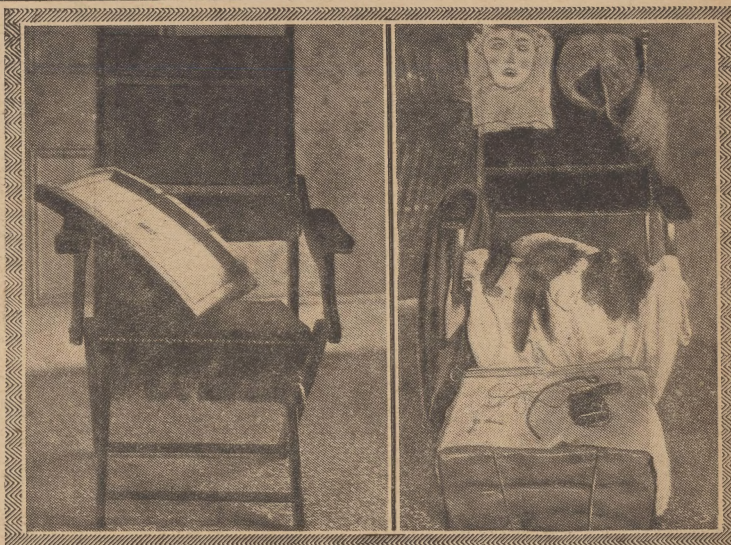


the dead, and, as seen in the photograph, gives the benediction. One of the saddest features of this awful catastrophe is that the hundreds of mourners have not the sad consolation of knowing where their dead are buried.



They are being placed in the common trench dug in a field just outside every.

# HOW GHOSTS ARE MADE



"Light," the Spiritualist paper, has exposed, at a Bayswater séance, a pretended medium, Charles Eldred. It was discovered that the spirit of John King, 300 years old, was made of a mask, wigs, and drapery (on the right) concealed in the hollow back of a chair (on the left).



Spirit of John King, as it appeared when the articles concealed in the hollow chair-back were put together by the pretended medium.—(Photos by courtesy of "Light.")

## LORD SOUTHAMPTON'S HUNTING FIELD DISPUTE.



In consequence of the committee of the Grafton Hounds suggesting that a professional huntsman should be appointed, as not enough foxes are killed, Lord Southampton, the Master, will resign and return the £3,000 subscribed. Lady Southampton, sitting beside him, has recently met with a severe accident in the field.



# By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

PAUL CHESTER, a clever, handsome young man, with great political and social ambitions.  
LADY SUSAN CHESTER, his wife.  
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BERKSHIRE, the coming Prime Minister and his beautiful wife.  
RUPERT TEMPLE, the Duke's private secretary.  
LORD ROBERT ALVEMER, cousin to Lady Susan Chester, whom he loves.

## CHAPTER XXIV. (continued).

"Tears—what are they worth?" Susan muttered with set face. "I've got beyond them. I'm one of the world's bankrupts—I've lost everything—I've lost Paul."

A knock at the door interrupted her passionate flow of speech, and her maid entered.

"Is it true, my lady," the young woman asked respectfully, "that we leave Helmsworth this afternoon?"

Susan nodded her head.

"Quite true," she answered. "There is no need for me to stay on, now Mr. Chester is out of danger." She turned and looked out of the window, and noticed that a sudden storm had come up. "I thought the sun was shining this morning," she murmured in low, dreamy tones. "I can see nothing now but mist and rain. Was it ever fine? I doubt it."

The maid looked at her mistress anxiously. She couldn't understand Susan's strange manner.

"It's only a passing storm, my lady," she said softly as she left the room.

Susan made no answer, but rose slowly from her chair and stood drumming her fingers on the window-pane, staring at the tempest-tossed sky—watching the drifting rain.

A little later there flashed out a rainbow and the tempest furled wings and fled away; but the woman muttered to herself in bitter tones:

"The rainbow of promise meant a great deal to Noah and his kin, but I pity the drowned faces that it shone on as well. The faces of those dead men and women whom the great waters had gone over."

She paused a second, then added slowly:

"God repented the flood, but it was too late. The deep waters had swept the world. Does one always repent too late after one has destroyed?" She asked the question vaguely—brokenly—then hid her face in her hands.

It was something of a shock for Paul Chester when he learnt that his wife had taken her departure from Helmsworth without bidding him a formal farewell. This sudden exit jarred against his sense of the fitting, and he reflected with the thin-skinned sensibility to public opinion, which he had inherited from his plebeian forebears, that the very servants of the great house would think Susan's conduct cold and unnatural.

Why had she acted so strangely, he asked himself ruefully? For hitherto, notwithstanding the unnatural life they led, he and Susan had succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of their world, and were quoted everywhere as a model couple, praised because they never quarrelled or said sharp and biting things against each other.

But what would the world say now? Wouldn't they consider Lady Susan's conduct extraordinary; also—hateful, degrading idea—might they not make a scandal out of her abrupt departure from the house where Henrietta reigned as mistress, and pretend that his wife was jealous of his friendship for the Duchess of Berkshire? Blame an innocent woman.

He looked so miserable that Henrietta, when she came in early the next day to inquire how he was getting on, could not forbear questioning him in a low whisper as to the cause of his downcast looks, but she flushed every time when he murmured that he was worrying over Lady Susan's sudden flight, and, hurrying to Nurse Janet, Henrietta suggested that the latter should take a quarter of an hour's rest or go for a stroll in the grounds. The request was couched almost as a command, and the good woman had no option but to obey. Also her patient could quite well be left alone for a little while and allowed to talk to his husband, for he had had an excellent night, and was making steady progress towards recovery.

"Why do you worry over Lady Susan's departure?" Henrietta murmured as soon as the bedroom door had closed behind Nurse Janet. "She was horribly kind to me before she left, and I'm glad she has gone." She lowered her wonderful eyes and sighed softly. "Don't tell your wife I have told you this," she went on quickly. "Remember I trust you not to say a word, Mr. Chester. But Lady Susan was very cruel to me—she didn't seem to understand the true nature of our friendship. She spoke as if she was horribly jealous of me."

"Jealous?" repeated Chester bitterly. "You are wrong there—my wife doesn't care enough for me to be jealous."

He repeated the words as soon as he had said them—the more so as he noticed the way Henrietta's face lit up, or was it merely the morning sunshine streaming through the windows which gave such brilliancy to her upturned eyes—yes no longer cast down but shining and blazing?

"I know she doesn't care—that's just it!"—Henrietta made her voice wonderfully rich and deep—"but I want to know if you care—do you love this cold, stern wife of yours? This woman who goes away leaving you here, ill and helpless, without even troubling to say good-bye?"

She bent over Chester as she asked the question. The words seemed to have come naturally enough, and how was the man to guess that she had been rehearsing them to herself for the last three hours, ever since her maid had roused her for the morning cup of tea, or that she had planned out the whole scene before she rose from her bed?

All he could realise was the wonderful softness of the white gown she wore—for she had dressed herself in just such a frock as would appeal to him—also the flame of her hair.

He knew she was asking a question she had no right to ask, a question he must not answer—but oh, how rich and low was her voice! He thought of the lovely sound of rushing waters—of the deep notes of the viol—the cry of Philomel—but her voice was sweeter to him than song of nightingale or sob of sea.

He shook his head irresolutely—conscious that he was facing a moment of strange and awful temptation—also that Henrietta's warm breath fanned his cheeks.

"Won't you answer me?" murmured Henrietta. "Won't you trust me?"

Her voice was full of pleading and pathetic appeal; it was almost impossible to believe that this delicately alluring creature was the beautiful fury who had once whipped a dog nearly to death on the King's high road, and was almost a stranger to her child.

Certainly Chester—weakened by his illness—was in no mood to remember Henrietta's past transgressions. Besides, he had already decided to himself that this woman must not be judged by ordinary laws; she was a law unto herself and to her world.

She was demanding a good deal of him, though, asking a question she had no right to ask, prying into the intimate relations of husband and wife—and for what purpose? For how could it really concern the Duchess of Berkshire to know if Paul Chester loved his wife? Besides, hadn't she asked him the question before—in pretty well the same words, too? He had a hazy recollection of her having done so—just before the crash of the motor-car accident. He remembered his answer to her question—a brave lie. He recollected the whole scene; but the room reeled round him as these thoughts came home, and he felt faint—faint to death.

Henrietta, startled by the ghastly pallor of his face, slipped a pillow hastily under his head. Then she moistened his lips with some brandy, and after a few seconds Chester was himself again, but a weak and shaken man as to his nerves.

"You're better now—you're better?" She spoke in strained and anxious tones. "Forgive me if I troubled worried you a moment ago," she went on. "I only wanted to know the truth about yourself and Lady Susan."

"I told you the truth once," he murmured feebly. "Don't you remember—just before the motor-car smash—I said I loved my wife?"

He spoke with the determined effort to be loyal to his own code of honour that had hitherto distinguished him.

"Was it the truth?" She fixed her large amber eyes on his troubled face, her lips pressed tightly against each other, denoted the extreme concentration of her will, so, too, did her clenched hands.

"Paul, don't lie to me," she continued, addressing him, either by accident or design, by his Christian name. "I'm going to do a lot for you. Don't let us have secrets from each other." She bent over him, forceful, eager.

"I did love Susan, when we were first married. God knows I did!" He spoke with a certain amount of determination. "But our marriage was a mistake—a mere commercial bargain on my wife's side, anyway—and we mean very little to each other now. We have drifted apart—completely."

He sank back wearily against his pillows, ashamed of himself for having said so much, and thus let Henrietta into the secret of his unhappy married life.

She flushed to her low, white forehead, glad to think that she had wrung such a confession from Chester, realising at it meant, then she laid her cool, soft hand upon his throbbing temple.

"I guessed as much. What you tell me does not surprise me. But, oh, Paul, how you must have suffered, for clever men have need of loving women, and your wife is ice and stone." She was tenderness itself as she crooned and languished over him. "I think you are as lonely as I am," she murmured, "for though the Duke and I get on well enough together, and I do my best to help him, as you know, still—" She paused, and her pause was eloquent. "Let us be true friends—you and I."

Her smile, had he read in it all she meant, hinted at more than friendship, but he was not to understand this yet. Only to be soothed and flattered by her words, and conscious that of a sudden the world seemed to have grown warmer, and to be less a grey world than it had been—world shut in and fenced about with a high stone wall, hard to climb.

(To be continued.)

## AGONY IN MOUTHFULS AT EVERY MEAL.

Miserable Victims of Indigestion wonder whether practically to starve and so grow even weaker; or whether to eat to live and continue to endure the agonies that follow every meal however small.

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"I used to rise in the morning," explained Mrs. Hawkins, "feeling no better for a night's rest. I became painfully thin. After the most frugal meal I suffered acute pains in the stomach, and though I ate less and less, every morsel of food caused agony—my digestion was so weak. Sometimes I could hardly drag myself about, what with pain and weakness. All medicine seemed useless. Night or day, I was never free from sharp, piercing pains in the back and chest. At this time I almost lived on milk and soda-water, though sometimes even that diet could not be retained. More than once I was taken ill in the street, and had to be brought home helpless with pain. For months the mere sweeping out of a room was beyond me. Finally, a doctor who had attended me most skilfully said the indigestion had developed into gastric ulcer.

"At this time my husband read of cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in cases of acute indigestion, and on his persuasion I tried the pills. The first indication that they were doing me good was the heavy feeling of oppression left me. Then I could retain food without fear of sickness. I began to get about the house feeling brighter and better, and so my improvement continued in a surprising manner. With only a few boxes all pains had vanished, my appetite was healthy, and I could enjoy food without fearing agony afterwards. Indigestion was a thing of the past, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am in excellent health now, and often ride fifty miles on my cycle without feeling exhausted."

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cure ruined digestions. They impart an appetite, fortify the system and restore lost strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills achieve this result by their wonderful action on the blood, which they enrich and renew. Under the influence of this pure, rich blood the vital organs are strengthened. In this way, and by their tonic action on the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured repeatedly Anæmia, Indigestion, Consumption, Eczema, Rheumatism, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxy, and Ladies' Ailments. Sold by all dealers (but take care that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every package), or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Hobbarn-viaduct, London, post free for 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d.





## THE MONEY MARKET.

Chinese Labour Uncertainties Still Interfere with Business.

## TAXATION PROSPECTS.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Stock markets seem very ready to look for trouble. Perhaps that is because the markets are so idle. Any seating accommodation on the Stock Exchange is well patronised at the moment, and talk of lack of business one of the main occupations. Algeciras continues to give us Morocco uncertainties. Money also causes some people to look rather askance at markets. It is urged that there is nothing much amiss, but as Paris is an inquirer for gold the markets are not very much assisted. Then the Government seems to do its best to cause disturbances.

There is one question, for instance, to which the mining market wants a straight answer. It is known, of course, that the question of Chinese labour is left to the Transvaal for settlement. The question is then asked whether, if the Transvaal authorities are willing to continue Chinese labour with the restrictions now in force against settlement in the country, the Home Government will interfere. That question has been asked in Parliament and out of it.

### KAFFIRS STILL DROOP.

It is quite clear and quite straightforward, and on it the position of the Rand industry hinges. Yet it is impossible apparently to obtain a direct answer from the Government. So Kaffirs continue to droop. Nobody will buy them, for nobody knows whether or not the Rand industry is to be ruined.

The entire collapse of the mining industry in South Africa, even though only for a time, would, it is freely asserted, mean great trouble in South Africa itself, commercially and otherwise. It is this fear which haunts the markets, and prevents much progress. A little rally at the close to-day was entirely due to "bear" covering.

Then the market is by no means confident of any relief in taxation pressure. Rather the reverse. So with the money and other uncertainties Consols drooped to 90 5-16, closing 90 3/4, on hopes of Government disbursement.

### AMERICANS DEPRESSED.

With Consols dull there is a dull tone also for Home Rails and other investment stocks. Great Central descriptions, however, continue to be bought among Home Rails, for evidently the people up Manchester way have shrewd ideas as to the future of the line.

The lack of business is a depressing influence on Americans, and they are talking about the coal strike and other matters. Of course, if the coal strike comes about, it will, as we have before pointed out, be a very serious matter. With Americans dull—though they rallied before the finish—the Canadian Railway sections are depressed, and the Hudson's Bay rambles have been stopped. He about the splitting scheme having been officially disproved, another has been trotted out in the shape of a big syndicate practically to acquire the company. The resources of the gamblers in Hudson's Bays are not easily exhausted.

### NITRATE SHARES BOUGHT.

The dullness observable everywhere else was also to be found in the Foreign Railway section. Considering that we were all talking gloomily about Algeciras, it was rather amusing to find the Foreign market, which, after all, should be the most affected, taking quite a cheerful view at first of things. At least, even the very few dull spots in that market. Most leading Foreign stocks were even better. Later, however, prices fell back. Copper shares were firmish, because copper advanced to over £80 a ton. They are holding out hopes for a settlement as regards the renewal of the Nitrate Combination. This would be a good thing for producers, if so. There is a meeting of nitrate producers to be held on March 29, at which it is hoped a settlement will be arranged. At all events, buying of nitrate shares is the feature of the Miscellaneous market to-day.

### FORTUNE IN MATCHES.

Two Directors of Bryant and May Leave £400,000 Between Them.

American competition has not quite killed English matchmaking, if one may judge from the will of the late Mr. Wilberforce Bryant, of the firm of Bryant and May, which died aged seventy-three, on February 8.

He left property valued at £118,155 gross, with net personalty £73,204. His brother, Mr. Frederick Carkeet Bryant, who died in 1888, left not less than £272,000 net personalty, as a result of his connection with the famous firm.

Old servants again come in for large bequests under three other wills proved. Mr. James Thomas, of Bath, who died aged seventy-three, on February 8, left £235,000, £22,000 of which he left to his housekeeper, Edith Jane Williamson.

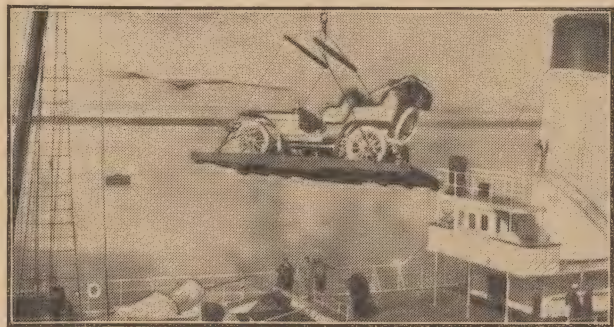
Mr. Richard Percy Preston, of Cannes and Liverpool, who left £16,341 and a considerable estate, bequeathed one fourth of it to three servants.

## NEWCASTLE BEAT BIRMINGHAM IN CUP TIE.



On the Newcastle ground Newcastle beat Birmingham, in the replayed Cup-tie, by 3 goals to 0, after extra time had been played. Photograph shows a save by Birmingham.

## NO. 32.—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.



Amateur photographers are invited to send interesting news photographs to the "Daily Mirror." For each one used 10s. 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 2s. prize will be awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by the Editor to be the best. No. 32, sent by Mr. T. H. Jell, 81, High-street, Dover, shows a motor-car and chauffeur being landed at Dover. The platform revolved at tremendous speed in mid-air.

## CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

Good Story About General Penn Symons and His Mess Bill.

## UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

An amusing story from "A People at School," a delightful book about Burma, by Mr. H. Fielding Hall. Colonel Penn Symons (killed when a General in the first battle of the South African war) and another officer called Sawyer were travelling together in Burma. The latter made the feeding arrangements, but at the end only wanted his friend to pay forty rupees out of 100.

"May I ask why I am not allowed to pay half?" "I am 6ft. 4in.," said Sawyer, "and big at that. You are only 5ft. 8in. It is, of course, inevitable that my messing expenses should be more than yours."

But Symons was ready for him. "That is true," he said, "but you have forgotten our rank. As a colonel I eat more of my size than you as a major can by all the articles of war, so the fairest thing will be to divide!" Thus they divided.

"Cassell's New Dictionary of Cooking" is as good an investment as a housewife could find for 7s. 6d., that being the price at which it is issued. It is stated to be the largest and completest collection of recipes ever produced, no fewer than 10,000 being included in the volume, of which 1,000 are entirely new. There are some hundreds of illustrations and several finely-coloured plates.

"Jennifer Pontefract" (Hurst and Blackett) is the title of the last novel published by Alice and Claude Aske, whose story, "By Right of Love," is now appearing serially in our columns. It is a powerful tale, appealing to the elemental passions, which are just as strongly developed in the men and women of to-day as in the people who lived in what we choose to call "the age of romance." Jennifer Pontefract and Rosamond Treewoof are a pair of girl-friends. The latter is the daughter and heiress of a wealthy old squire, who, having no son to continue his historic name in the land of his fathers, arranges a marriage between Rosamond and Roger Treewoof, a poor relative of his house, who, until he meets Rosamond as her practically

affianced lover, has never seen her face. He falls in love with Jennifer, and she with him, but Rosamond, who has a poor and rather coarse nature concealed under a good deal of mere surface charm, holds him to his bargain. The old squire dies suddenly before the marriage day, leaving behind him a will, in which almost his entire wealth is left to Roger. Roger heroically burns the document, and, renouncing Rosamond and the fortune, goes out to make his own way through the world. How Rosamond tricks him into the belief that Jennifer has forgotten her promise to him and married John Mostyn, his rival; how the marriage she has falsely invented really comes to pass, and the tragic fashion in which the deceived lovers cut the knot in which Rosamond's machinations have involved them, must be learned from the pages of the book. "Jennifer Pontefract" is a strong story, strongly told.

Humour is best when it is unconscious. America has produced its fair quota of professed jokers; but nothing in their united output comes up to certain tit-bits to be extracted from "The Faithless Favourite," published by the author, Edwin Santer, in St. Louis, and described on the title-page as "A Mixed Tragedy." It is written in a style which irresistibly reminds the reader of the conversation of the two literary ladies to whom Martin Chuzzlewit was introduced. For instance, one of Mr. Santer's personages wants to say that an old man has married a young woman. He says it thus:—

Know, then, that Olgar hath a hoary steward, High Ina, who has ta'en in his sanctitude A young wife and a comely—Well-a-way! Age brings no sapience to jealous fools.

"The gallinaceous biped whose matutinal ejaculations aroused from somnolent repose the cropped and beardless ecclesiastic who united in the holy bonds of matrimony the individual in the dilapidated habitments to the disconsolate virgin who extracted the lactical fluid from the bovine quadruped with the distorted cornaceous excrescence who elevated in the direction of the empyrean the canine animal who perturbed the equanimity of the harmless, necessary feline who banished from sentient existence the predatory rodent who devoured the farinaceous cereal deposited in the domiciliary residence edited by Johannes" was nothing, to this.

In "The Man With the Opals" (Ward, Locke) Mr. Alfred Wilson-Barrett, with the assistance of Mr. Austin Fryers, has written a strong and moving story. The interest, as should always be the case with a professedly melodramatic novel, begins with the first page, and is never allowed to slacken to the end.

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250	4/6	5/6	6/6	7/6	8/6	9/6	10/6	11/6	12/6	13/6	14/6
250	4/6	5/6	6/6	7/6	8/6	9/6	10/6	11/6	12/6	13/6	14/6
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The "Daily Mirror," March 16, 1906.

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**THE FORTHCOMING SPANISH MARRIAGE.**  
**WEDDING GOWN WITH A SACRED SIGNIFICANCE.**  
BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.  
It will be a case of "Roses, roses, all the way," in Madrid, on the day when the English Princess Ena of Battenberg becomes the fair bride of King Alfonso XIII., and takes her place beside him as Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain.  
To call her a "fair bride" will be, indeed, no misnomer, for the Princess, with hair as flaxen as an infant's, has light speedwell blue eyes, and a complexion of the most lovely delicate pink and white. Yet is her extreme fairness redeemed from insipidity by dark brown eyelashes and eyebrows, which give character to her girlish face.  
To return to the roses of Madrid, already orders for myriads of roses and pinks have been given to the florists, and the blossoms will be brought in wagon loads from Seville, Malaga, Alicante, Murcia, and Valencia. It is the ambition of the Spanish people to transform their capital into a gigantic garden of flowers on the wedding-day of



A pretty coiffure, showing the hair dressed in a loose wavy pompadour above the brow and in curls upon the summit. A wreath of large velvet and mousseline pancies, dew-dropped with diamond chips, is the ornament worn.

their King, and amid the roses and pinks hundreds and thousands of sweet jessamine, and orchids, camellias, and stephanotis will lurk.  
Streams of white and red wine are to flow from the fountains in lieu of water, and from every window—even the humblest—the people will hang their brocades, many of these gorgeous to the sight, hand-made, of dazzling colours, in Moorish designs and centuries old.  
Processions in character, organised by the students and women cigar-makers, and national dances performed by the peasants from the provinces will be among the features of the day, to say nothing of a monster bull-fight conducted with all the magnificence and panoply of ancient use.  
It is said that it was Princess Ena's wish, in the first instance, to order her wedding-gown in London, and the name of a well-known firm was rumoured far and wide as the fortunate recipients of the command; but the wedding-gown of the Spanish Queen must be sacrificed after once wearing it to the Virgin, and the Princess, already a Roman Catholic, has, it is now announced, conceded to her future husband's wish in employing Spanish workers to fashion the gown, which to

# The Tyranny of Stoutness Overthrown by Antipon.

With many people stoutness is a very tyrant. Try all they will they cannot be rid of it. Semi-starvation, a gruesome innutritious dietary, cathartics, sweating, and drugging—nothing seems to avail for any length of time, and as soon as these injudicious remedies are discontinued the excess of fat returns with sickening persistency—that is, if the constitution is not seriously affected. Such abuses as these make life unbearable; and, after all, there is absolutely no need for them now that the simple, harmless, and agreeable Antipon treatment has stood every test and proved its entire efficacy as a permanent cure for corpulence. Every competent authority now regards it as the standard remedy, and thousands of cures have been effected by its means. Should any of our readers doubt this we would refer them to the Antipon Company, who can produce such an array of testimony from persons in every rank as will convince the most sceptical. Hundreds of letters from grateful men and women are preserved for reference at the offices of the company, and these valuable documents not only bear witness to the permanent reduction of weight produced by Antipon, but to the great tonic properties of this marvellous specific which has met with such remarkable success everywhere.

The fact is, Antipon is a complete reversal of the old order of things; for when a stout person goes through the Antipon course he or she not only regains renewed beauty of form, but is vastly improved in general health, in strength, and vitality, with a keen appetite, revived digestive powers, and a feeling of mental and physical alertness, of buoyancy, of general bien-être, which the subject has never felt before. And the tyranny of stoutness so long endured is overthrown completely, for this reason—Antipon has destroyed the tendency to undue fat-development, which is a burden to so many. That is why the Antipon treatment is unique, and why it has such a glorious record of successes.

Antipon requires but one assistant, and that is good, wholesome food in plenty. As a tonic it creates that necessary appetite, and by perfecting the digestive process it gets every ounce of value out of the well-digested food. There are no unpleasant dietary restrictions. Eat well and grow thin may sound paradoxical, but such in effect is the beneficial action of Antipon. Its fat-destroying powers are remarkable. Within a day and a night of taking the first dose there is a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb., according to individual conditions. This is followed always by a sure and steady diminution day after day until the bodily proportions are once more symmetrical and the weight is normal. The doses may then cease sine die. There is no cause to dread a recurrence of fat-formation in excess, because, as we have already pointed out, the tendency that way is destroyed. Thus the cure is complete and lasting.

Antipon is a palatable and refreshing liquid tonic, containing none but purely herbal ingredients of a harmless character. No disturbing reactionary effects need be dreaded, as the mixture is neither aperient nor constipating. The Antipon treatment is an ideal home treatment, and may be followed with such ease and privacy that no second person is aware that any special régime has been adopted.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on sending amount), post paid, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.











